

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

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WHOLE NO. 737.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

[By the following article from the *Cleveland Leader* it would appear that the kidnapper of Senator Jones has chosen a hard road to travel.]

THE MAN HARTMAN.

George Hartman stayed in the Jail during Wednesday night, not caring to trust himself outside. The jail was watched by a party of negroes who would have given him a rough reception if he had ventured out. Yesterday morning about 9 o'clock he left the jail as stealthily as possible, in the hope of getting to the New England House, where he boarded. Sharp eyes however saw him, and he was compelled to take refuge in Andrew's Saloon on Seneca street. This not being permanent quarters he endeavored to escape through the back yard, but was caught by Andrew's big dog, which would have speedily disabled him if he had not been called off. Hartman soon made his escape from here and succeeded in reaching the New England, though closely followed by incensed negroes. Here he armed himself and suffered no further molestation. He probably left the city upon the 7.40 Columbus train last evening.

It is said to think how this dark deed of his has ruined his prospects for life in this city, and wherever in the north the story has been read. Industrious, honest and attentive to business, he had a good prospect before him of becoming a worthy and respected citizen of Cleveland. He was no rowdy, or "rough," but, so far as we can learn was worthy of the confidence of those who knew him. And yet by his connection with this affair, he has done himself such a lasting injury as no amount of money can ever make good. He has forfeited his privilege of living in this city, if anywhere, and has narrowly escaped paying the penalty of his life for his rascality. For, however illegal the act would have been, his life would not have been taken by a stray if the negroes had reached him on Monday. Like a guilty dog, he has been compelled to fly from covert to covert to escape the wrath of his pursuers, and he is a self-imposed exile from the city of his home. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard.

THE VICTOR AND THE VANQUISHED.

In our estimate of the wisdom and folly of human actions, we rarely make due allowance for the applause which success brings with it, and the contempt which inevitably follows defeat. We are apt to give men honor for the mere accident of coming out first in the race, without weighing the circumstances which accompanied their triumph, or the motives which prompted it.

We are too apt to glorify in victory on account of the dust that rises from the hoofs of the chase, and from the insane shouts of the rabble of thoughtless men who are ever ready to huzza for the winner without a why or a wherefore; too apt to condemn the vanquished, because of the jeers and hisses which follow them from every mouth, rather than to try them by the great central intention, the single purpose, which is, perhaps, the inspiring motives of their lives.

Gallilo was imprisoned for his celestial thought which enabled him to bring down creation at his feet, and soar on wings of science, beyond the dull vision of his time. When Fulton launched his trial-boat upon the Hudson, few skeptics came condensingly to the river bank, and, looking at the frail experiment, exclaimed with fearful eyes, "Poor fellow! What a pity it is that he is crazy!"

In fact, we are not sure but the martyred inmate of a Lunatic Asylum, down cast, was some where near true philosophy, who, in reply to a question as to how he came there, said, "Well, you see, my friend, I insisted that the world was crazy, and they insisted that I was crazy—and they out-voted me!"

Reformers, pioneers, and inventors in every age have had to pass this ordeal—to be called fools and fanatics, and ostracized by conservative wealth and beetle-eyed vision, and hissed and stoned by the boys on the street corners—till they succeed, then, to be feted, feasted and deified in the catalogue of heroes and sages.

—Now, in precisely this connection and illustrative of just this difference between success and defeat, we desire to ask a couple of questions referring to recent startling events which have passed into the history of this Republic.

Suppose that "Old John Brown," as truly inspired as was Joan of Arc, with the strange idea that he was specially commissioned by the Lord of Hosts to go out and redeem 4,000,000 of his fellow countrymen from bondage, had gone to Harper's Ferry, as he did, with a few brother patriots; suppose that, instead of the fatal betrayal, the most profound secrecy had been maintained to the end; suppose that his little nucleus had been reinforced by sympathizing fugitive-slaves from the North, and by energetic slaves of the South, till it had reached a formidable array, bent on the violent overthrow of the wickedest institution that ever darkened the earth; suppose that the final uprising had been successful, and the insurrection, spreading throughout all the South, had so strengthened "Old Brown" that he was enabled to march through every Southern State, from Harper's Ferry to Galveston, exterminating the accursed institution by fire and sword, tempering his acts with all possible mercy and humanity, (as he did,) but persisting in the fight till he had driven the last slaveholder into the Gulf of Mexico, or forced him to cease his infernal traffic in human beings; then suppose that the conquering "Hero of Osawatimie" had retired to his once desolated, but now restored farm in Kansas, to enjoy in peace all the rights of an American citizen, and contemplate with satisfaction, during the brown autumn of his life, the strides of a once weak and disgraced, but now happy, prosperous and truly glorious Republic—what would be the verdict of posterity five hundred years hence, upon the same "Old John Brown," who is so defeated and stigmatized to-day?

"The right of revolution" is one of the first principles which the platform of Human Freedom draws. In the light of this fact we desire to ask

Mr. Johnson of the *Express*, Mr. Purdy of the *Platdealer*, the *Pioneer* man, and all others who insist that the immediate compression of John Brown's jugular vein is the only thing that can "save the Union," what they think would be the just, impartial verdict of generations yet unborn?—One more question, and we are done.

Suppose a nameless surveyor, rambling through the woods of Western Virginia some 84 or 85 years ago had somehow become possessed of the same singular hallucination under which "Old John Brown" is laboring, viz: that he and his countrymen were being oppressed by a gigantic Despotism; and suppose that, impelled by this insane delusion, he had plotted an insurrection—gathered a few hundred other ragged fanatics together, resisted the authorities, and, exercising all magnanimity and mercy consistent with warfare, had gone on to establish a Provisional Government! Suppose that he had won a few battles—enough to test his courage and strategy—and, in the flush of victory, had conceived the mad and reckless intention to overthrow, with his handful of hungry, equalled, bare-footed, raw militia, the whole Government of Great Britain, that had matched navies riding on every sea, and hundreds of thousands of armed soldiery within its call. Suppose that the crazy surveyor—the weak but desperate chaser of an Idea—had met the British regulars at Yorktown, and instead of capturing Cornwallis, suppose Cornwallis had captured him; suppose he had been hurriedly put through a military Court, convicted of treason and hanged—what would have been the verdict of his time respecting him? We hazard nothing in saying that he would not be idolized and canonized as he is to-day, for he would be the vanquished instead of the victor. His immediate friends and companions would no doubt have mourned him as a martyr to his faith, as John Brown's will mourn their leader; but the world—the inconsiderate people of his time—would have looked upon him as a deluded, impracticable visionary, and if they had vouchsafed to him the poor consideration of a tombstone, they would have written on it

Go WASHINGTON.

A.G. 48.

HANGED FOR REBELLION

OF HIS COUNTRY;

He

LIVED A FANATIC

&

DYED AS YE FOOL DYETH."

We find in the *Atlantic Messenger*, an account of an Anti-Slavery Convention at Cape Cod; the following (among other) resolutions were presented, and the appended remarks made.

MEETING AT CAPE COD.

THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION.

1. Resolved, That "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," therefore it is the right and duty of the slaves to resist their masters [by such means as each deems right and proper]; and it is the right and duty of the people of the North to incite them to [such] resistance, and to aid them by such means as they shall think just and expedient to free themselves from the power that crushes them.

2. Resolved, That Capt. John Brown and his associates, in their efforts to excite and assist the slaves to insurrection against their oppressors, acted in accordance with the essential spirit and principles of the Declaration of Independence, and of the governmental and religious institutions of our country, and also with the spirit of the precept, as it is generally understood, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

3. Resolved, That the heroic bearing of John Brown, in taking and holding Harper's Ferry, in defending himself and followers against the attack made upon him, and his calmness and self-possession as he lay wounded and bleeding in the engine-house, and in his sublime heroic bearing during his trial, conviction, and sentence to die upon the gallows, has never been surpassed, and only in a few instances equalled in the history of the world. May his heroic inspire us all with a nobler, manlier courage!

Mr. Foss spoke to the Harper's Ferry resolutions. He had known something about that insurrection, before as well as since it had transpired. He was not a non-resistance himself. If any one should attempt to interfere with him or any of his to enslave them, he thought there would be a funeral in somebody's family very soon. Yet he was not prepared to vote for them in their present shape. It was the excellence of the anti-slavery platform that it was free; that it imposed no test upon its members except uncompromising hostility to slavery. He could, for his own part, freely endorse every word of the resolutions, but he was averse to instituting any new test which would cut off from the society Mr. Garrison and other non-resistance. He did not understand how his friend Wright could go for them; for he is a non-resistance—at least he is all the time telling us so. [Laughter.]

Mr. Wright explained that he felt sure there was nothing in the resolutions inconsistent with the doctrine of non-resistance. He believed in "resistance to tyrants"—moral resistance—where, in this country, has never been aroused. The intellect of the nation has been enlisted in the service of slavery, both in Church and State. He would have the motto, "Resistance to slavery is obedience to God," inscribed everywhere, upon everything—every one to resist it in his own way. When England would enlist the moral sentiment of her people in favor of West India emancipation, she inscribed appropriate mottoes to that purpose upon her china and crockery ware, and on almost every article in common and daily use; and this was what we must do.

Mr. Foss hoped Mr. W. would modify his resolutions so as to make them expressive of the kind

*The words in brackets were not in the resolutions, as originally presented by Mr. Wright, but were subsequently added, agreeably to the suggestion of Mr. Foss, as will be seen by the proceedings which ensued thereon.

of resistance he intended. In their present form the whole country would see nothing in them but blood and thunder.

Mr. Wright preferred that the resolution, "Resistance to tyrants," etc., should stand alone, and that the mode of resistance, "every one in his own way," etc., should be expressed in a resolution separate.

Ezekiel Thacher thought we were not in an attitude to resist slavery so long as we retained any connection therewith. We must separate ourselves from it altogether, etc.

Samuel Smith expressed himself as prepared to go the whole figure for physical resistance. Mr. Wright remarked that the universal North is solemnly pledged to support slavery. It was committed to slaveholders against the slave; and this was a great point toward which public attention must now be directed. He urged this fact with great earnestness, and with the most convincing logic.

Z. H. Small addressed the meeting very pertinently to the subject, saying, in the course of his remarks, that he had as lief be a victim of the cannibals as of the slaveholders. He was followed by Nathaniel Robbins, who spoke briefly but appropriately to the question.

Mr. Foss hoped the resolutions in their present shape, would not pass. He had no objection to having them come before the meeting for discussion, but let them end with that. This was a meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Let there be no trammels, no tests. For himself he should not think it wrong to hear his way to liberty through any amount of human flesh and bones. His friend Garrison thought differently.

Mr. Wright offered to amend the first resolution in relation to the Harper's Ferry Insurrection so as to make it read:

Resolved, That resistance to tyrants, by such means as each one deems right, etc.

He resumed. He was steadily and firmly opposed, on his own part, to physical resistance. The cause of human liberty, he said, gains more, in the long run, by our suffering and dying for it, than it does by our resisting unto blood.

Mr. Foss liked the amendment proposed by Mr. Wright, and should have no objection to the resolutions if that idea were incorporated in them.

After that, and some other verbal alterations were made, the resolutions were, on motion, adopted.

From the Philadelphia Press.

THE FAMOUS NEGRO PLOT OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

The article in Thursday's *Press*, relative to the Southampton tragedy of '81 awakens recollections. The following episode, connected with one which occurred at an earlier period, may not be without its interest at this time:

About sixty years ago, it was discovered that in the neighborhood of Richmond, Virginia, a plan had been devised by the colored people to spread slaughter and devastation among the whites. Three negroes had been seen by their master riding out of his stable yard. This was sufficient to create alarm. On their return, the three abductees were tried by the court of three planters. Though no direct evidence was adduced, yet enough was elicited to induce the belief that there had been an extensive combination formed for dreadful purposes. The Governor of Virginia offered the sum of \$10,000, and the gentlemen of the city of Richmond \$10,000 more, as a reward to any one who would give information of the head of the project, but no one was tempted to betray the secret.

A few days after the \$20,000 reward was offered a little African boy came into a grocery store, in Richmond, and asked for a quart of rum. The grocer asked him for whom he wanted it. He said for his uncle Gabriel.

That African, when twenty-one years of age, had asked his master how much he would take for him. His master replied, "Gabriel, no money would buy you." "But," said Gabriel, "should I buy myself?" In that case," said the master, "I would take five hundred dollars for you." "Then I am ready to pay," said Gabriel. "Did I think so," said the master, "I would not have made the offer—but, as I have said it, I will not draw back." Gabriel was manumitted. He then commenced learning the English language, and in a short time learned reading, writing and arithmetic. He was intelligent, sober, and amiable. All the people who knew him esteemed him highly. He was 25 years of age when the reward was offered.

Such was the man who sent his nephew for a jug of rum, which cost him his life. The grocer asked the boy where his uncle Gabriel was. He replied, in the Sally Ann, a vessel, at the dock, just ready to sail for St. Domingo. The grocer told the boy to wait a little for his return. Notice was given to an officer, and Gabriel was apprehended, and then put upon his trial. He thought some one had been tempted by the great reward to betray him, and he confessed the whole. He said their plan was to fire the city at the end opposite the arsenal, and while the citizens were drawn off to extinguish the fire, they intended to seize the arsenal, rush into the city, and slaughter all indiscriminately, except a few young ladies, who were selected to be the wives of some of the leaders. All these measures Gabriel avowed as his own device.

He said that his earliest thoughts were occupied by these plans—that he had traded and increased his stock to \$800 at the age of twenty-one—that he had made himself acquainted with learning, with this sole object; that he had traveled, expressly through the Southern States by night, riding down many horses, in preparing the Africans for his measures; and that he had formed, in care and remote places, deposits for arms. He also told the Court that had not God interfered by a great rain, that so swelled a stream in the neighborhood of Richmond, that his assembled band could not pass, they would not, at that day be sitting as his judges.

But," said the court, "Gabriel, we all esteem you. You have not been thought cruel. How could you devise a scheme of such almost indiscriminate bloodshed?"

Gabriel coolly replied, "It is not that I delight in the shedding of the blood of men. But there is no other way of procuring our freedom. I love my nation. We have as good a right to be free from oppression as you had to be free from the tyranny of the king of England. I know my fate. You will take my life. I offer it willingly, as a martyr to liberty. My example will raise up a Gabriel, who will, Washington like, lead on the Africans to freedom."

Gabriel was executed—dying without a murmur, cool, collected, in the faith that his death would not be in vain. These incidents are embodied in a song called "Gabriel's Defeat," and set to a tune of the same name, made also by a colored man. The writer of this has heard the tune in Virginia, where it was a favorite air in the dances of the white people; and it need not be said that the song was, and perhaps still is, popular among the colored population of the South.

From the Agitator.

THE HARPER'S FERRY WAR.

Everybody has, by this time, heard of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. There are but few who do not know that on Sunday night the 16th of October, Capt. John Brown, with a score of men, took possession of the United States Armory, imprisoned twice their number, and for two days, kept at bay two thousand armed men. But the terrible conflict ended; the victors were vanquished. Three of the twenty fled to the mountains; others through the gate of death to the land of Freedom, the other six are in a Virginia jail.

The first news of the insurrection sent a chill, a terror, akin to death, to the great human heart. The first questions were: "What will the end of these things be?" "Will the nation be divided against itself?" "Will a people, weary with oppression, rise up and write with blood the history of their captivity, sufferings and deliverance?" These questions are unanswered—the future will reply.

What a consternation twenty—nay, seventeen men can make! Brave Old Virginia, the mother of heroes, grows pale with terror and asks in her sorrow the United States troops to protect her from a score of foes. The whole nation, with her legion of well trained soldiers, with her wealth of powder, muskets, spears and cannons trembles to-day with the memory of the 17th and 18th days of October. The Democrats saw in the Harper's Ferry war a fine opportunity for political capital. So they cried: "Behold the great evil brought upon us by the non-resistance! Look at this!" The terror-stricken Republicans replied, "We know not these men." Many of the friends of Capt. Brown, and his comrades, remember how dear life is, and are clearing their skirts of all knowledge of the contemplated insurrection.

Giddings, Hale, Forbes and Plumb are quite oblivious Capt. Brown's intentions. That they are honest there is no doubt, that their sympathies are on the side of humanity is equally true. Greeley has strangely forgotton his Kansas correspondent, John Kagi; Copeland, hoping to save his life, has turned traitor. Not a few who encouraged Mr. Brown in his hazardous undertaking talk now of "Brown the maniac—the reckless, death-defying Brown." Gerrit Smith is silent and Frederick Douglass, like any sensible man, feels the great importance of breathing English air.

But still there are a few fearless out-spoken hearts who cling lovingly, tenderly to John Brown of Osawatimie. In this trial hour they will be true to that love, and will not put under ban the brave words that spring from their hearts to their lips. Mrs. Sturtevant, the only implicated woman, in reply to the charge of aiding the insurrectionists, said: "I did give J. H. Kagi and Capt. Brown a home. I welcomed them as friends of humanity and I am proud of their friendship." Lydia Maria Child sent her "God bless you" to the "brave old man," and asked permission to share his prison and dress his wounds. Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Henry Ward Beecher are writing in letters of living light the name of John Brown.

Theodore Parker will read in his Switzerland cottage home "The Harper's Ferry Insurrection," and his pulses will beat lighter and stronger as he reads, and his great human heart will indite a blessing for the loving soul prison-bound, and it will come over the sea to cheer and console the dying hero.

But these few fearless friends of Freedom will not, cannot save the condemned. "Blood for blood" is written upon our Statute Books. With the best, the bravest blood of the world, our laws, Civil and Religious have been written, and with the blood of martyrs they will be blotted out.

The old man—the Sampson of the nineteenth century is to-day—

"Shorn of his noble strength and forced to lie in prison, and at last led forth to be a pauper to Philistine revelry."

But he has already done more for the abolishing of Anti-Christian laws than all the ministers and members of Congress have done in the last twenty years.

To-day Freedom's noblest champion lies in prison upon a pallet of straw awaiting his doom. He will die upon the gallows. Even now, soul, mangled human, are clamorous for his death, and are looking to the 24 day of December as to a great gala day—a blood-feast. Governor Wise will sign the death warrant and Christian hands will lead the hero of Harper's Ferry forth to die; and a Christian Minister, perhaps, will be there, and in the language of Judge Parker say: "May God have mercy on your soul!"

Amid jeers and tears, curses and laudations the spirit of John Brown will be loosed from earth. But at the grave's portal the world will not leave him. Three-fourths of the people will applaud the taking of his life. Little children will listen to the story of the execution and their childish lips will be taught to say, "Well done." But in the years to come they will make a pilgrimage to the old man's grave, and strain it with flowers and consecrate the sod above the pulseless heart with tears. So goes the world,

"To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Of the wisdom of Capt. Brown's scheme it is not time to judge. To the uninitiated it certainly seems a reckless waste of life, but if the facts were known—if it was known upon whom and how many he had reason to rely for assistance, quite another verdict might possibly be rendered. There was deep significance in poor Thompson's last words:

"You may kill me, but it will be revenged, there are eighty thousand persons sworn to carry out this work."

We have no love of bondage and little faith in the mission of blood—both belong to the life of Force. What we have hated most, and labored hardest and longest to curse and abolish, is the slavery of Women; still we love and venerate Captain Brown for his large-heartedness, for his Christian sympathy for "those in bonds," and for his principles now Death in terror stands at his gate. He has but lived the doctrine that teaches, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God"; and those who condemn him should also condemn the teaching of Jesus and the Revolutionary Fathers.

Capt. Brown and his friend, Kagi, spent several weeks in Cleveland last Spring. Those who had the pleasure of their acquaintance held them in high estimation. We say, in all frankness, that we never had any great love for the name of Brown till we looked into the honest face of the bravest, truest of the family—John, of Osawatimie.

BATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

[Prominent among the possible nominees of the Republican party for the Presidency, stands Edward Bates, of Missouri. The *St. Louis News*, professing to speak by authority, in quite a lengthy article, gives Mr. Bates' views upon the several points of party politics, which have grown out of the slavery question. In order to see what kind of timber at least one of the Republican aspirants for the Presidency is made of, we copy a few passages of the article referred to:

ITS EXTENSION UNCONSTITUTIONAL, EXCEPT BY AFFIRMATIVE LEGISLATION.

Because Mr. Bates does not believe, that slavery is a beneficial institution, either in a social, political or religious sense, he is *unalterably opposed to the extension into territories already free.* Mr. Bates in his political creed, is a Henry Clay Whig, and Mr. Clay declared that his "right arm should drop from his shoulder before he would vote to extend slavery over one foot of territory already free." Mr. Bates heartily endorses that sentiment, and holds to that creed.

SLAVERY EXTENSION HAS BECOME AN ABSTRACTION. The principle of the Kansas Nebraska bill is the shape of equatorial sovereignty, has rendered the introduction of slavery into territories impossible, and the passage of that bill is the work of the national democracy. Mr. Bates merely holds as a principle that which the Democracy have established as a fact. The question of slavery extension is no longer before the people. It is discussed now only as an abstraction.

FAVORS THE PRINCIPLE OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Mr. Bates believes in the unqualified right of the owner to recover his slaves if they escape to a free state; and if President, he would execute the Fugitive Slave law, if the army and navy of the government were equal to the task. And if the Fugitive Slave law should be repealed, or should be found inadequate to the service of returning absconding slaves to their masters, Mr. Bates would urgently recommend to Congress to pass some law that would more certainly and more acceptably carry out the constitutional guarantees of the rights of southern slaveholders. He would consider the Union a broken compact, if these plain guarantees were denied by the deliberate and persevering action of any part of the Confederacy.

If Congress, clearly representing the will of the country, should pass laws legalizing and protecting slave property in territories previously free, Mr. Bates would execute those laws as promptly as any other laws of the land. If a territory should organize into a State, with a sufficient population to justify its admission, and present a constitution tolerating slavery, Mr. Bates would not oppose the admission of such a State because it had a proslavery constitution.

THE NECESSITY OF PURSUING FOREIGN TERRITORY FOR COLONIZING FREE SLAVES.

He would never under any circumstances, countenance a national organization having in view the interference with slavery in the states. The entire function of the federal government in regard to slavery, in his opinion, should be to protect it where it is—not to extend it where it is not—and, so far as policy and ability may allow, to help those states get clear of it that may wish to do so, by the procurement of foreign territory suitable to the ready and cheap colonization of free blacks, already become a grievous nuisance to every state of the Union, both free and slave. This is a national nuisance, and should begin to find a national remedy. The policy already branched in some states of selling again into slavery the free blacks whom humane or grateful masters have emancipated, unless those freed persons leave the state—when, indeed, all the slave states and many of the free, prohibit their entrance within their limits under heavy penalties, is in the highest degree cruel. It is barbarous. And it would disgrace the American government in the face of Christendom to permit such a policy to prevail from the lack of its own intervention to procure a suitable home for these sorely-burdened and distressed freedmen of a well-worked and faithful servile race.

Some 60 or 70 clergymen of the Church of England recently met in London, for the purpose of organizing a new society, to be called the *Free Church of England*. The prefix they have chosen seems to indicate a move in the right direction.

From the St. Louis Evening News. THE MADNESS OF DEMOCRATIC ORGANS —SOWING THE SEEDS OF INSURRECTION.

The insanity of Old Brown in supposing that with nineteen white men and five negroes he could overthrow the United States Government, liberate all the slaves in the South, and establish a Provisional Government, with himself and a Cabinet of equal fanatics at the head of affairs, was desperate beyond all human experience. But deplorable and desperate as his folly was, it is even excelled by the foolish madness of the Editors of those journals published in Slaveholding States that are trying to make it appear that the Republican party of the country is responsible for Old Brown's deeds, and that they sympathize with the failure of his murderous aims!

As we observed, the other day, the Republican party polled in the late Presidential campaign over 1,300,000 votes. The party has steadily increased since, and would now, to doubt, poll 1,500,000 votes. It is unquestionable, and the returns to the next Congress indicate it, that every Free State in the Union, save two or three, has sided irrevocably with the Republican party, and there is no ob to the tide that bears public sentiment in the Free States towards the principles of the Republican party, the only one of which affecting Slavery is, that it shall not be extended into Territories or States already free.

Not a single organ of the Republican Party has yet failed to condemn and to execrate the treasonable madness of Old Brown. No member of the Republican party, from one end of the Union to the other, has spoken a word of sympathy for his murderous designs. Such being the fact, patent to all men, we ask, what but the most amazing madness on the part of the Southern newspapers can lead them to charge the Republican Party of the country, and its million and a half voters, with complicity with the horrible crimes of insurrection, treason, rape, arson and murder? Does not every member of the Republican Party know in his heart, that this charge is an *accursed lie*; and will the million and a half voters of that party be so complaisant as to change their politics or quit voting, because of these base libels on their character by Democratic partisan prints? We know better than this. The world knows better. And the result will prove that a party when *aggravated by insult and contumely* is rendered far more formidable than when lulled to peacefulness by the just dealings of an honorable and generous adversary.

What will be the end of these insane libels, circulated through the Slaveholding States by Democratic prints? Why this: They will not convert the Republican Party. They will not stop its present triumphant march. They will not prevent its ousting the National Democracy from Federal power, and installing, we trust, a conservative Statesman, like Bates or Bell, in the Presidency. But when this happens, what shall we see in those slaveholding communities where the insane libels of these Democratic prints have circulated? The newspapers will have told the States that the triumph of the Republican Party will be the signal of their deliverance from bondage! They will have assured the servile race that the arms and power of the United States Government will, in Republican hands, be used in their behalf in a last grand conflict with their masters.

The credulous and doomed creatures will believe it all—said, faith, hell born lie though it be—and they will, dance with frenzied joy around their camp fires some night, and meet a dreadful and exterminating slaughter before the setting of the next day's sun!

Such is the salvation of the Slavery question that the Democratic organs and partisans are providing by their desperate libels on a majority of the independent voters of the Union! If these madmen do not bathe the South in the blood of a self-created servile insurrection, it will be because the triumphant opposition of 1860 interposes to suppress servile outbreaks, and to preserve the guarantees of the Constitution and the Union in regard to Slavery, by all the powers of the Federal Government.

SLAVERY IN MISSOURI—ITS PRACTICAL OPERATION.

From a correspondent of the New York Tribune.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 31, 1859.

We had in this city not long since, a striking illustration of the patriarchal institution of Slavery. A Mississippi gentleman came to this State to supply his plantation, and made his headquarters in this city. Among two or three dozen he bought was a little girl, about nine years old, whose complexion was as fair as the average of white children. She attracted some attention, and the purchaser related her history. She was the child of a handsome mulatto woman, and her father was the Hon. James S. Green, United States Senator of this State. Her mother was not the slave of Mr. Green, but owned by a neighbor, for I believe it is the custom among the patriarchs, to make an interchange of civilities of this kind. A strange coincidence happened in bringing her to this city. She came with others down the river in a steamboat with her master, and among the passengers was her father. He conversed with her owner about her, and said he would have bought her himself were it not for his wife. I had this information from the owner of the girl. The girl was kept in a slavepen on Sixth street and was visited by numbers, who had learned her history. The purchaser was a very respectable gentleman, who bought her for a nurse in his family. But who cannot guess her destiny? Here was a child of tender age, apparently white, herding with a lot of common negroes, torn from her mother and doomed to a Mississippi plantation, while her father in the august Senate of the United States, declaims of Liberty. He stands coolly by, while his own child, bearing his own lineaments, is taken forcibly from her mother and driven off with a gang of slaves to a distant land, among strangers, never again to know a mother's love or caress, but to be shoneforth the victim of a tyrant's lash or lust. She is the innocent proof of his own faithlessness to solemn vows and must be removed to a safe distance